LAUGHING HORSE

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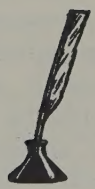
The Laughing Horse

..Wherein the First Laughs are Awarded the University of California....

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"There is always a place for protests against the main convention, for rebellion, paradox, partisanship and individuality, and for every personal taste that is sincere. Progress comes by contradiction. Eddies and tossing sprays add to the beauty of every stream and keep the water from stagnancy."—Gilbert Murray.



The Editors

Jane Cavendish is a Boston intellectual who came West in search of her soul. She does not wear bobbed hair, jade ear-rings, or a haughty look. She has the happy knack of being silent at editorial meetings, and writes poetry, but does not read it aloud to visitors. Miss Cavendish frankly wishes to get married, but is not yet engaged.

Noel Jason was born in that quaint little Spanish village of Los Angeles. His boyhood was spent gathering prunes, killing scorpions, reading the novels of Flaubert, and acquiring a coat of tan. He went to France with the A. E. F. and posed for Dos Passos, who has immortalized him as John Andrews. He is at present engaged in making psychoanalytic studies of young girls.

"L 13" is a man with a middle-west background, a large stomach, and a voracious appetite for literature and beer. He has read everything, including all the sport news in tomorrow morning's paper and all the suppressed novels of the Twentieth Century. Apt to be intolerant of balderdash and sentiment, he is nevertheless the most gentle of men and seldom swears in the presence of ladies. He is writing a play, a novel, and a pamphlet on Eastbay Bootleggers which will be published soon. The figures he uses as a pseudonym are not the numbers on his I. W. W. card.

Bill Murphy is a direct descendant of a convicted criminal transported to South Carolina before the revolution. His grandfathers and great-grandfathers were all ministers of the gospel, and he retains much of this taint in his character, altho he reads the latest books and is superficially intelligent. A solemn man, made bitter by a life of toil and disillusionment. He will be twenty-one years old next Spring.

Apologia

HEREWITH is presented "The Laughing Horse," a magazine of polemics, phillippics, satire, burlesque and all around destructive criticism, edited, written and financed by four more or less like-minded young persons, who find education as it is perpetrated in America, and especially at California, a somewhat gaudy farce with lachrymose overtones but withal a spectacle par excellence.

We propose to take nothing too seriously, to hold nothing sacred, to subject anything or everything which seems to us to affect too pontifical an air, too solemn an attitude, to ribald ridicule. Our aim is frankly destructive, regardless of the attitude of The English Club on that kind of criticism. We are not reformers; we are not architects. We are the wrecking gang, hurlers of brickbats, shooters of barbs, tossers of custard pie. We are not bitter; we are not ill-natured; we are not soreheads. We are simply tired of the incessant bleating of professorial poloniuses and their spineless imitators, the blather of campus politicians, the palpable tosh of Cal. and Pelly and Occident editorials, the silly chatter of our half-baked Hobsons, Bryans and Orison Swett Mardens. We seek not simply to shock by our derisive irreverence of sacred things which are largely ridiculous in their very nature, but merely to come out with a merry horse-laugh.

This magazine is deigned as a healthful reaction to the whole timid, vacillating conservative spirit which now prevails over this land. We Americans accept everything that is told us. We are the most credulous people in Christendom. What we, the editors, are seeking is a robust skepticism. It is possible that in our zeal we shall tend to swing the platitudinous pendulum too far. If we do, it will swing back, never fear. Meanwhile, we shall have our fun and our chuckles and we hope that you will, too. We shall make no

absurd claim to superiority. Perhaps we are all wrong, but then again we may conceivably be nearer right than you are. Youth is never wholly wrong. If we seem to you to be ill-natured, bitter, grouchy, churlish, discount it. We are no such thing. The things we ridicule will no doubt bear up very well. They will, in all probability, outlive us. Such is the vengeance of the commonplace.

"Oh, he's as merry
As a laughing horse, or a wanton wife."

—Shakespeare, King Henry IV.

"Your laughs are hearty, tho your jests are coarse:
I love you best of all things. laughing horse."

—Pope, To Mrs. Blount.

TESTIMONIALS

Testimonials as to the superior worth of "The Laughing Horse" may be obtained from the following by enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the editors: George Bernard Shaw, Al Jolson, William Shakespeare, Woodrow Wilson, D. W. Griffith, Michael Artzibashev, The Original Dixieland Jazz Band, Warren Camaliel Harding, Albert of Belgium, David Prescott Barrows, the Dolly Sisters, William Jennings Bryan, Aristotle, Wallace Reid, Brander Matthews, Roscoe Arbuckle, Scott Fitzgerald, John Masefield and Charlie Paddock.

Inside Dope

At 4:15, the faculty scattered in the back seats, the sun shining richly on the lower edges of the walls, a Sousa march from the Cadet band pulsing through the reading of the minutes, the President called for new business.

"Report of the Committee on Degrees for Students entering the Military Service of the United States prior to the full completion of the Unit Requirements," read the Secretary.

"Mr. President," said Professor Linman suavely, "I feel that this important report should be referred to a committee of the Academic Senate for further consideration and direct recommendation to the Regents."

"Mr. President," said Professor Howover, belligerently, "I believe this report should be discussed fully and frankly here in open meeting. We owe a duty to the State and to the Nation, a duty to"

At 5:15, the sun had reached the gold frames of the portraits of the presidents; the band had played retreat; the shuffling feet on the walks were still again.

"Do I understand you, Sir, to base this objection on a question of academic prerogative?" asked Professor Howover.

"Oh, no," said Professor Linman, "I had no such idea; it was just a question of parliamentary form."

"I am very glad," said Professor Howover, "that Professor Linman did not intend to base his objection on a question of academic prerogative, for if Professor Linman had based his objection on a question of academic prerogative, I was going to say"

And he said it.

"The Laughing horse thinks one thing, and he who reads him quite another." —Proverb.

Credo of the Californiac

Submitted As a Collegiate Addenda to Mencken and Nathan's

"THE AMERICAN CREDO"

1

That on a dry field, the California varsity could easily have overcome the combined teams of Washington and Jefferson, Iowa, Notre Dame and Centre College.

2

That it is an honorable deed to inform the Student Affairs Committee that the gal with the rolled socks on one's left looked up the date of the War of 1812 in her notebook.

3

That when a California half-back signals for a fair catch on a punt, he is using rare judgment, but that the enemy half-back who does the same thing has a large yellow streak running up his spine.

4

That the co-eds of California excel in pulchritude, virtue and intelligence, the co-eds of Chicago, Ill., or Ann Arbor, Mich.

5

That the portrait in Wheeler Hall of Henry Morse Stephens is a rare work of art, because it is a portrait of Henry Morse Stephens.

6

That the soil of California is more conducive to the development of great athletes than the soil of Danville, Ky., or New Haven, Conn.

7

That professors of Latin and Greek would much rather see a good leg-show than the "Medea" of Euripides or Seneca.

8

That the bootleggers of the bay cities would go out of business in seventy-two hours if the college men would observe the Eighteenth Amendment.

9

That, although the Occident is too literary for the non-bookish mind of the average undergraduate, the Pelican is one of the drollest publications in the states.

10

That the sporting editors of all newspapers east of Reno, Nev., are combined in a gigantic conspiracy to deprive Pacific Coast athletes of the credit which they deserve.

11

That the director of the Greek Theatre must be an ass because he pronounces c-l-e-r-k as "clark", and wears an orange necktie.

12

That the authors of the Junior Farce and the Senior Extravagance are super-clever fellows who will subsequently write librettos for Al Jolson.

13

That any man who wears knickerbockers should be lodged in the village Bastile.

14

That the late-lamented "runnings" of Skull and Keys were the most depraved spectacles since the orgies of the degenerate Romans.

15

That the campus poetasters who write verses to wine, women and song, or scoff at God and the Baptist church, are really innocuous persons who belong to the Y. M. C. A. and teach classes in Sunday school and that the fellows who wax lyric over lolling in the daffodils and preantitransubstantiationalism, are gay dogs who secretly indulge in synthetic gin.

16

That most of the people who attend the plays in Wheeler Hall are either bulge-browed intellectuals who continually talk of the trend of the drahmah or scatter-brains who think that Ibsen is the maiden name of Ann Pennington.

17

That it is nothing short of treason to yawn while a member of the Student Affairs Committee orates a boring speech on "The Honor Spirit."

18

That persons who are skeptical of the ability of the California track team to take the measure of Stanford should be lynched.

"Give me a laughing horse to cheer me now,—
Have mercy, Jesu! —soft! I did but dream—
A coward student handed me the Pelican!"

Shakespeare's Richard III.

REFLECTION

On reflecting of past rallies which I have attended in the Greek Theatre and in Harmon Gym, I find that the memory of a spectacle which should remain in the mind as an essentially picturesque and barbaric affair, is dulled and blurred by the unpleasant spectre of some tiresome fellow who interrupted the festivities to orate an extremely sentimental, dull and downright banal speech.

Further Reflection

Intelligent co-eds, I must confess, bore me nearly as much as pseudo-classic jazz.

Defense D'Affiche

THE sun setting, as usual, in the west just over Tamalpais left a faint purple light which smoothed out the straight, stiff outlines of the Campanile and in the dimness made it seem almost beautiful. Not a soul stirred anywhere along the paths or roadways nor did a light glimmer in any of the shadowy buildings. Suddenly, high in the ksy to the east, appeared two bird like shapes glimmering emerald in the reflected light of the clouds. They approached rapidly swirling down in graceful spirals until with a curving swoop they landed on the esplanade. Never in all its history had the Campanile seen such strange and beautiful beings, for they were angels. Startled out of its evening nap the Cadet fountain spurted high in the air, two canaries who had been carrying on a furtive amour in one of the maples fled screeching to the Botannical gardens, and the clocks on Bacon Hall so forgot their hands that the hands went around in a mad race.

"This, my dear Radamanthus, is the University of California, the last one we are to visit," said a voice which went up through the gloom like the lilt of a violin.

The voice that answered was as sweet and soft as the tone of a flute:

"And what shall be our judgment upon this institution, most beloved William."

"Why—why—ahh—" the voice trailed off like the last note of a chant, "Why—the view is magnificent."

(With a bow to William James.)

"Laughing horses and laughing poets should be fattened, not simply fed." —Charles IX of France.

My Soul

In the manner of our undergraduate impressionists.

I. At Dawn

My soul—it is a pale mauve thing;
It flits and fluts
And waves its arms in gleeish ecstasy!
Of mornings when the dew is there
And the sun shines down thru wet leaves,
It scampers o'er the grass
And scuttles in and out
Among this and that:
For my soul, it is a virgin soul,
Young and free and pale mauve.
This is my soul at dawn.

II. At Eve

My soul—ah, me! 'Tis sooty gray;
It flops and flips bedraggledly.
It has great dark blobs upon it
Like a batik lampshade
In Maud Hume's window.
It crawls away and weeps
In battered silence:
No longer is it a virgin soul!
But then God comes
And washes it out in Lux
And hangs it up to dry
With two clothes-pins—
One at each corner.
And the cool night wind
Blows through it,
And it is ready for another day
This is my soul at eve.

The Fable of North Hall Steps

ONCE upon a time in a beautiful country by the sea, there lived a Great Big Boogie called The-Proper-Thing-To-Do. High on the green hillside overlooking the ocean, was one of the most delightful prisons of this Boogie, all painted up like a white-washed chicken house. And here the monster kept thousands of young victims working hard for an illusion called Higher Education, which they all believed to be as real as a porterhouse steak.

Now, in the middle of this prison-yard, was a flight of steps, leading nowhere, just stopping in mid-air, as useless as a professor of philosophy.

Some people thought the steps were there as a relic of ancient times, and others that they were simply waiting to be taken away with the other old lumber lying about.

But here is the secret: they were symbolic. Symbolic of Higher Education—useless and leading nowhere. And here is the immoral to the tale:

> "When you find that a staircase leads noplace,
> you can at least enjoy sliding down the banisters,
> or laughing at those who fall off at the top!"

PROGRESS

In the early days, the education of a youth implied his preparation for the ministry. Now it implies his determination to become a Successful Business Man. If he is "literary" or "artistic" the fact that he remains at the University merely means that he is planning to be a short story writer, a newspaper editor, a Saturday Evening Post illustrator, or a Super-Cecil B. De Mille.

"Do a Dirty Deed" Week

THE week following the first six publications of the Laughing Horse, will be consecrated and observed as DO A DIRTY DEED WEEK. Feeling that we may be condemned as mere destructive critics, we wish to give something constructive to the world, and following the illustrious example of our contemporaries, we wish to introduce something new in weeks.

We feel that DO A DIRTY DEED WEEK will act as a tonic for a nation constipated by THRIFT WEEKS, SAFETY FIRST WEEKS, GO TO THE THEATRE WEEKS, CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK, FATHERS' WEEK, SONS' WEEK, MOTHERS' WEEK, and God knows what WEEKS.

During this week everyone is exhorted to hang out his Freudian suppression, cut loose, and be devilish. By special arrangement, the police department will take a week off.

A special feature parade has been arranged for the Saturday ending the WEEK. Starting at the base of the Campanile, the procession will proceed down Telegraph avenue to the Oakland Auditorium, where a magnificent barrel of bonded bootleg and a complete Turkish Harem will be awarded the person giving sufficient evidence that he has done the dirtiest deed. The parade will be led by a group composed of Congressmen, Methodist Ministers, Prohibition Agents, Y. M. C. A. Secretaries, and members of the Ku Klux Klan and Masonic Order.

Into this University, and Why not knowing,
Nor Whence, just going to be going;
And out of it, like Wind along the Waste,
I know not What—just blowing to be blowing.

Editor's Note:

By a strange coincidence the tag day for the benefit of starving young editors falls on the third day of Do a Dirty Deed Week; and on the fifth day of a Do a Dirty Deed Week the Insurgent Coeds of the University of California, Inc., will inaugurate their campaign for the abolishion of prejudice against female cigarette smokers.

The April numbers of the Occident, the Pelican, the Pictorial, the Chronicle, Brass Tacks, the Commercia, and the other important publications will be on sale at the usual and inevitable spots—just where traffic is heaviest—but:

"It is hoped that this apparent conflict will in nowise mitigate the generous response which all of these worthy causes deserve."

(Bromide No. 6903, quoted from the Oakland Tribune account of a Rotary Club propaganda speech.)

STUDENTS!

Students . . . students . . . students who go to University meetings, students who sit on Wheeler Hall steps and ogle the bare knees, engineering students who have pockets cut for their slide rules, students who laugh at the antics of football heroes, front-row students who laugh at professorial jokes, students who write letters to the Cal., students who read the Pelican, serious students who read the Occident, students who wear horn-rim glasses, students who go to College Nights, students who wear greek hardware and have fraternity brothers, students who admire the Campanile, students who have big C's, students who sit on Senior Bench, students who sell campus publications with loud noise, students . . . students . . .

Collegian's Catalog of Aspiration

TO PLAY the slide trombone—To possess a copy of "The Genius" by Theodore Dreiser to loan to literary co-eds who appreciate works of art which Sumner and the New York Society for the Prevention of Vice do not—To get very drunk on Cliquot '98—To edit an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column in the daily press—To break the kneck of the sly fellow who bamboozles trusting lads into paying seven dollars per quart for cold tea—To have an inscrutable poker-face—To acquire the composite amourous technique of Eugene O'Brien, Wallace Reid and the late William Desmond Taylor—To sing the bawdy parody on "Lehigh Valley" which so many fellows coyly warble in illicit refreshment parlors in return for a drink of three weeks old burgundy—To acquire the soulful look of Jack Barrymore—To make "All-America" full-back without the obvious discomforts of playing football—To dance the toddle like the fellow in the alpacca Tuxedo at Loew's State Theatre—To persuade the old man to mortgage the family plate and invest in a Stutz—To wear a dress suit as admirably as the bouncer at the "De Luxe Dancing Academy"—To join the fraternity from whose windows one can get the best panorama of co-eds preparing for bed—To be seen at the St. Francis with the shimmy dancer from "Carleson's Cuties"—To become marvelously skilled in "flogging the dice"—To defeat at Kelly Pool, the house-man at "The Palace Billiard Room"—To get a professor of comparatively philology boiled to the gills—To get a job as an assistant cameraman in the movies during the summer vacation, so as to get the low down on the escapades of the movie houris—To be feared as a consciousless Don Juan by all the campus vestals—To capture the affections of the comely chambermaid at the "Hotel Metropole"—To learn enough French to read La Vie Parisienne—To postpone graduation until the pater registers annoyance and withdraws his monthly check.

Bete Noir

The belief that "The Genius," "Sanine," "Jurgen," "The Song of Songs," "The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man," "Anatol" and the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, is very racy stuff.

The Penalty of Penuriousness

UNIVERSITIES thruout time have suffered under the tyranny of donations. It has become a custom that allows any bloated plutocrat wishing on his deathbed to rid himself of some of his parings from widows and orphans to hand over his blood money for educational purposes. If he gives the recipients a free hand in the disposal of the boodle all well and delightful, but, if he specifies some special work it must do, God pity the institution. The University of California has paid the price for its own penury. It has been the lot of this poor institution to have quantities of sacrificial offerings dropped on it. Witness the Campanile, Sather Gate, the Phoebe Hearst plan, and the Lord knows what other blotched specimens. Anyone can stick anything from a mausoleum for moldy mastodons to a rat trap on the campus and the authorities will spread the propaganda that it is a work of art. As a result this place looks like an architectural dump heap for five continents.

Democracy—The dog game what one dog does all dogs must do.

The Beginning of Wisdom in California

FOR a year now, California undergraduates have been vainly attempting to justify Scott Fitzgerald's picture of the modern stripling; have played fast to bring Western speed records up to the Eastern standard—and have not been so vastly unsuccessful, as various lurid rumors testify! Indeed, only a few years more will see the publication of a realistic novel of hecticisms staged right here in Berkeley, for one of the Editors of the Laughing Horse is writing it now

Meanwhile the situation is approached by a popular novel of the year, The Beginning of Wisdom, which is about a California boy. He was born, this boy, during the rainy season, and Mr. Benet, the author, informs us that it rains in California incessantly from November to March. He is a liar, thank God, but otherwise he is very kind to the State, and some of the best touches in the book are his prose poems on California summers; while his most realistic method is used on a San Francisco crap game. It is gratifying to record as well, that the worst portion of the book is squandered on Los Angeles and the movies.

To mention but one of the high spots of the book, it's wild-wild-oat scene, blotted out so discretely with that charming poem on passion, is one that would delight Frank Harris himself—and Frank Harris is hard to please and a connoisseur on sex.

Saying which, the discrete reviewer, a frank propagandist, writing to sell the book, not to fill valuable space in a valuable magazine, delicately resists the temptation to tell more of the gawdy details.

Frank Norris

EARS before this University and these United States were made safe for Democracy; before the Campanile craned its granite neck up—up even over the roofs of the Pure Whites on Piedmont avenue; and before North Hall sank to the level of a mere Rathskeller, one of America's greatest novelists was a student in Berkeley.

Frank Norris is the only genius ever put out by the University of California Factory System (products absolutely guaranteed chemically pure, cultured, illiterate, pasteurized, and stupid; carefully wrapped in blue and gold absorbent cotton; wholesale job-lots cheap).

At any rate the encyclopedias proclaim him as a product of this institution. The facts are that the University did not have the honor of "putting him out", either as a graduate or a profligate. He left in disgust and of his own accord after four desultory years of some study, much reading, and a great deal of jazzing around.

This doleful gentleman who penned the sordid and gorky tale of McTeague, is reputed to have been a regular guy, who played with zest the role of the healthy young animal who lives in a fraternity house and goes to football games. He was never a regular student, principally because he could not pass the entrance requirements in mathematics.

It seems that he refused to use his brains as an adding machine, and instead of taking any subject that was distasteful to him, he drooled away at Emile Zola and the other reeking realists of France in a quite shocking waste of his time and of his father's money.

"Always ready for any college prank or celebration," and "never missed a rush or a football game," are phrases used by a fellow student in telling of his college days. To me they sound like the memoirs of a moron after-dinner speaker

at a Lions' Club banquet, telling of his college days with the "honorable chairman," who is a "leading Berkeley Bank President." And yet that was Frank Norris, who wrote The Octopus, Moran of the Lady Letty, Vandover and the Brute, and Blix!

Is it possible that he was one of us; that he is our only literary tradition? Then why have none of the graduating classes for the past twenty years erected a memorial to him? Why have none of our generous givers of gifts erected a statue of him instead of a dismembered portion of Lincoln or a plaster cast of Sophocles?

But what a ghastly idea! What a lot of blather the pedagogues and plutocrats would spill, after all. May he continue to have the more perfect tribute of secret undergraduate idolatry!.

The Second-Hand Dealers

THE American is a notorious second-hand dealer. He experiences most of his emotions, adventures and recreations vicariously. He allows cheap movie mimes to do his love-making, half-baked philosophers of sweetness and light to do his thinking, brawny and brainless professional athletes to play his games. He has allowed the Sunday Supplement, the moving picture and professional baseball to dry him up emotionally, intellectually, physically. He is a creature of devitalization, suppression, an automaton, living at second hand. Essentially an on-looker on life, he is the world's greatest bleacher athlete. While he will shout himself hoarse while two splendid physical specimens hammer each other for his enjoyment (and of course their own financial improvement), he would no more think of putting on the gloves with a man that is physically fit than he would of jumping off the ferryboat.

The Replica of a Great University

(Being a communication from the Board of Regents, published here for the first time.)

"To the Students of the University of California:

In consideration of the fact that among the present students of this glorious university are those who will be the millionaires of tomorrow, we, the Regents of the institution, make the following suggestions:

1. That in future, gifts should be as useless and as inappropriate as possible:

2. That the following structures should be the first erected by those anxious to donate memorials within the next ten years:

 (a) An exact replica of the Eifel Tower with a Brobdingnagian head of Eugene Debs impaled on its apex; (b) a combination replica of the Coloseum and Roosevelt Dam for a stadium—and to block up Strawberry Creek; (c) a replica of the Bank of England which shall provide funds for students who got jipped by the Veterans' Welfare Board; (d) a replica of the Albert Memorial in commemoration of all those who suffer from Mid-Victorianitis; (e) a replica of the Bastille in which to keep the best books ever written by Cabell, Dreiser, Havelock, Ellis, Francois Villon, and Balzac; and (f) a replica of the Oakland City Hall, a replica of the Pyramids, a replica of the Taj Mahal, a replica of a Reno, Nevada, apartment house, a replica of a San Francisco bawdy house, and replicas of all other famous buildings throughout the world;

3. That dice should be shaken to decide where these buildings will be placed; and

4. That they should all be named after great and famous men. (Thus the Eifel Tower should be called the Harold Bell Wright spire, and should straddle Sather Gate; the Woolworth Building should be called the Louisa May Alcott Memorial, and should stand on the plaza alongside the replica of the Campanile; the Coloseum should go by the name of the Ring Lardner Bleachers and should jostle the replica of the Greek Theatre up on the hillside. And the replica of Joneses barn—had we not mentioned this before?—should be called Warren Gamaleil Harding Hall, and should balance Harmon Gym as well as over-balance Boalt Hall.)

Knowing that this communication will receive the serious and undivided attention of all potential millionaires, and of all those who are contemplating careers of plutocracy after leaving college, we remain,

Humbly anxious to please,

The Board of Regents."

"I hear the Laughing Horses, their gleaming flanks a-shake,
(They'll surely tell their secret joy before the glad day-break!)
Their hoofs are clattering merrily, their teeth are glimmering white,
Their laughs unroll and ring again far into the purple night . . ." —Charles Algernon Swinburne.

"A laughing horse and a silver spur soon outstrip the wind."
—Goethe.

a ten-cent cigar and from persons who ask one's salary, O God of Savants, deliver us!

* Note.—Yes, this is a shameless steal on H. L. Mencken's "Litanies For The Overlooked." See, "A Book of Burlesques."

Suggestion

Why not a New American Academy of Art and Letters, to be called "The Young American Academy of Arts and Letters"? I hereby nominate, Waldo Frank, Scott Fitzgerald, the Benet brothers, Ring Lardner, John Farrar, John V. A. Weaver, Harold Stearns, Harvey Fergusson, Al Jolson, John Dos Passos, Gilbert Seldes, Francis Hackett, Lee Simonson, Eugene O'Neil, Thomas Wilfred, Donald Ogden Stewart, Susan Glaspell, Carl Sandburg, Hugh Wiley, Mencken and Nathan, Irving Berlin, John Peale Bishop, Ben Hecht, Floyd Dell, Zoe Akins, Robert Edmond Jones, Thomas Beer, John Murray Anderson, Fred Stone, Clare Kummer, Norman Bel-Geddes, Kenneth MacGowan, Don Marquis, Donna Schuster.

I AM TIRED OF:

Letters to the Cal., old-fashioned girls, little groups of serious thinkers, synthetic gin, the periodic outbursts of student editors, tweed suits, the literature of the Victorians, undergraduate poetry, disillusioned Sophomores who "want to get away from it all," professors who call the roll

"After good wine, a laughing horse is best."

—French Proverb.

who practise the technique of Bebe Daniels and register annoyance when we get "fresh," from men who dance divinely, from bow-legged girls who wear short skirts and from their more fortunate sisters who do not, from good talkers but poor listeners, from "practical" professors, from professed women-haters who secretly engage in affairs d'amour, from girls who walk home from auto rides, from very slick snakes who try to live down their obvious repiliousness by scoffing at their own kind and lauding the hard guys, from self-confessed hard guys, from girls who cunningly pretend that they are drunk after three prohibition cocktails, from gay wags who confess a craving for Absinthe, from females who regale one with reminiscences of former admirers, from the wiles of tag-day sirens, from sweethearts who try to make one jealous by flirting with the elevator boys, from intercollegiate debates and from women who wear "sensible" shoes, o ye all powerful Buddha, deliver us!

For Members of the Faculty

From co-eds who try to vamp one into giving them an A, from men who are shocked at the plays of Dekker, Congreve and Wycherly, from eye-massaging damsels who sit in the front row and cross their legs, from athletes who expect one to give them a good mark in consideration of the fact that they run the hundred in ten flat, from tobacco-chewers who spit out of the window, from tobacco-chewers who don't spit out of the window, from conferences with ambitious prose-writers, from reviewing the Occident, from women who cry if they receive the mark which they deserve, from fellows who expect special favors because one once met them on some casual booze party, from newspaper reporters who call professors "savants," from people who believe that college professors prefer Pope's "Essay on Man" to "Droll Stories',, for light reading, from the "Atlantic," from the barbs of Mencken and Nathan and their several thousand undergraduate imitators, from students who curry favor by tendering one

a ten-cent cigar and from persons who ask one's salary, O God of Savants, deliver us!

* Note.—Yes, this is a shameless steal on H. L. Mencken's "Litanies For The Overlooked." See, "A Book of Burlesques."

Suggestion

Why not a New American Academy of Art and Letters, to be called "The Young American Academy of Arts and Letters"? I hereby nominate, Waldo Frank, Scott Fitzgerald, the Benet brothers, Ring Lardner, John Farrar, John V. A. Weaver, Harold Stearns, Harvey Fergusson, Al Jolson, John Dos Passos, Gilbert Seldes, Francis Hackett, Lee Simonson, Eugene O'Neil, Thomas Wilfred, Donald Ogden Stewart, Susan Glaspell, Carl Sandburg, Hugh Wiley, Mencken and Nathan, Irving Berlin, John Peale Bishop, Ben Hecht, Floyd Dell, Zoe Akins, Robert Edmond Jones, Thomas Beer, John Murray Anderson, Fred Stone, Clare Kummer, Norman Bel-Geddes, Kenneth MacGowan, Don Marquis, Donna Schuster.

I AM TIRED OF:

Letters to the Cal., old-fashioned girls, little groups of serious thinkers, synthetic gin, the periodic outbursts of student editors, tweed suits, the literature of the Victorians, undergraduate poetry, disillusioned Sophomores who "want to get away from it all," professors who call the roll

"After good wine, a laughing horse is best."

—French Proverb.

Confessions of a Baby with Rouged Lips

F. Scott Fitzgerald has been dubbed "a baby with rouged lips," surely an apt appelation, not only for Fitz but for the whole gang of super-sophisticated modern flappers, male and female. We modern young people are all more or less infants with a surface sophistication. We are iconoclasts, rebels, revolutionists. We know a little about nearly everything from the modernist movement in the arts to the details of the Arbuckle case. We simply will not be dictated to by dried-up old fossils and we will not even attempt to absorb the blowsy kultur of ancient Doctors of Philosophy. "Youth is always right," say we, and we go merrily on our way.

Fitzgerald has focussed his binoculars on his own contemporaries and he sees through them, clothes, skin and bones. Observe, then, the novelty of a cub philosophizing on cubs. It can be done and it has been done, so why not turn the binoculars and look at ourselves?

I am approximately of an age with Fitzgerald, less articulate, perhaps, and less penetrating but afflicted with the disease of introspection sufficiently to take a mental snap-shot of myself. I sometimes generate Gargantaun stomach-laughs by just thinking of some of the ridiculous things I do. I can laugh at my absurd posturing as a dangerous guy, with my transparent efforts to impress the current co-ed that I drink far too much for my health, that I am near death from smoking incessantly for ten years, that I am a desperate plunger at the gaming table who very nearly pays the rent for a well-known crap-dealer, that I am a regular Casanova with the ladies and that no virgin is safe in the same county with me. It is funny and a little bit pathetic, but I enjoy the joke. I have been told repeatedly that my "line is on Columbia record number six-one-six," but I only laugh and dish out the same old stuff.

Now there is an honest confession of a "baby with rouged lips," and I'll laugh as loudly at it as the next one. I have no illusions about my own bogus sophistry. But, while I am at it, will some one please tell me why it is, that the same damsel who complains that my "line" is "old stuff," will do her best to impress me with the fact that she's not so slow herself, that she once broke the crap game at the Country Inn, and that her favorite drink is dry gin?

The Big Show

The American university strikes me in much the same way as a colossal street fair. It is essentially less a hall of learning than a nickle dance or a trick side-show. Being constitutionally and temperamentally anaesthetic to "big problems" and other such tosh, I can see in it nothing more significant than a social institution, which, in its typically American manifestations, takes on the form of a comedy of eternal sophomores, a gallery of comic cartoons. It is an entertaining spectacle, I grant you, an interesting show but mirth-provoking withal.

"Kicking colts always make laughing horses."—Proverb.

"I never saw a Laughing Horse
But I have hopes to see one,
For you must know that I of course
Am trying hard to be one."
—Gelett Burgess in 1897.

Obscene Speculations on the Anticipated Crucifiction

WITH personal freedom at its lowest ebb; with the W. C. T. U. marshalling forces to send tobacco the way of all other iniquitous vices; and with the Ku Klux Klan growing stronger and winning larger headlines every day the editors anticipate immediate persecution and attack from all factions at once.

A Students' Affairs Committee, a Citizen's Welfare Association, a League for the Suppression of Dangerous Persons, and a Young Ladies' Mutual Protection Society, will doubtless be organized for purposes of extinguishing us, and we will be promptly crucified.

This is to announce our only too willing martyrdom, and to make a death-bed request, a sort of "read well before lynching" affair. To put it bluntly, the case is this Here we are, potential geniuses, meeting death at the tender age of twenty summers or so, with our masterpieces unwritten, our children unborn.

Masterpieces cannot often be dashed off on the night before one's hanging any more than children can be made to spring full grown from any but Jove's head. But, on the other hand masterpieces cannot be planted like nasturtium seeds that the garden may blossom in the Spring. (This is a very delicate touch.)

And so, dear public, long suffering and not very generous, since we cannot have both masterpieces and children, at least give us the opportunity for the latter.

Who will volunteer?

The rendezvous is the death cell on the eve of the hanging, and the password is,

"Laughing Horses forever!"

Addenda

The Laughing Horse, inarticulate colt, struggling with suppressed glee, will not remain corraled on the University of California campus, despite the fact that its preliminary snortle has been provoked by local pother.

In the words of the classic Mr. Pope, it will be "a horse-laugh, if you please at honesty," an outlet for the vast accumulation of ironic guffaws at all pseudo-sacred traditions, habits, thoughts, institutions, bromides and cliches ever wished on the universe by the naughty angels of mediocrity.

The next edition will be out the first of May. It will be a magazine of much wider scope than the present issue indicates; featuring a larger number of contributors, a more varied field of laughs; making it in every way more complete, effective, and prophylactically mirthful.

The editors hope that there will be just the ghost of a chance that the publication will lead some erring undergraduate, some poor working girl, or misguided grocer's clerk, into the everlasting enlightenment of the Higher Cynicism and the Horse Laugh!

Will you help?

The burden to our song is:

"Two bits each;
Four for a dollar:
Tell your friends!"

Why women come to college—They are not called by the trumpet that speaks of fame but by the horn of plenty.

Blurb

"I would be willing to wager my best set of Conrad against a single volume of Marie Corelli, that The Laughing Horse will kick over the traces of college cant and run riot in the green pastures of Higher Journalism before three more issues have gone to press."

—H. L. Mencken in the Smart Set.

"A new note in College journalism—a variation from the usual thing in B flat—has been struck by a group of University of California students in a publication called The Laughing Horse. There is not a single sacred tradition nor a solitary student thought that has not been given the horse-laugh in its pages. The thing is too good to be true."

—Floyd Dell in the Liberator.

"The Laughing Horse is a notable achievement and will go down in the history of modern journalism along with Pearsons and the Saturday Review, both of which I edited."

—Frank Harris.

"O God, that a scintillation like The Laughing Horse should have been conceived in anything but a Yale head!"

—William Lyons Phelps in the Yale Review.

"The publication called The Laughing Horse is unpatriotic, irreligious, and impudent; it is disgraceful, scurillous, salacious and obscene. No Christian home should possess it, especially where young and impressionable college students are liable to find and read it."

Reverend Lyman Abbott, D. D.